Per. I will beleeue you by the fillable of what you ſhall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharſus* leaue me
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did ſecke to murder me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo'r,
A crew of Pirats came and reſcued me,
Brought me to Metaline.
But good ſir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an impoſture, no good faith. I am the daughter of King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Moſt wiſe in generall, tell me if thou canſt, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not but heres the regent ſir of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. ſhe neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that ſhe would ſit ſtill and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me honored ſir, giue me a gaſh, put me to preſent paine, leaſt this great ſea of ioyes ruſhing vpon me ore-beare the ſhore of my mortality, and drowne me with their ſweetneſſe. Oh come hither,
Thou that begetſt him that did thee beget:
Thou that waſt borne at ſea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at ſea againe: O *Hellcanus*,
Downe on my knees thanke the holy god as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was my mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirmd enough,
Though doubts did euer ſleepe.

Mar. Firſt ſir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am Pericles of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

And another like to *Pericles* th
Mar. Is it no more to be yo
thers name was *Thaiſa*, *Thaiſa*
minute I began.

Per. Now bleſſing on thee,
Giue me freſh garments, mine
at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould haue b
tell the all, when thou ſhalt kne
is thy very Princes who is this

Hell. Sir tis the Gouernor of
melancholy, did come to ſee yo

Per. I embrace you giue me
I am wild in my beholding. O
But hearke, what Muſicks this
Tell him ore point by point, fo
How ſure you are my daughte

Hell. My Lord, I heare non

Per. None, the Muſicke of

Lyſ. It is not good to croſſe

Per. Rareſt ſounds do ye no

Lyſ. Muſicke my Lord, I he

Per. Moſt heauenly muſick
It nips me vnto liſtening, and
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me

Lyſ A pillow for his head,
Well my companion friends,
liefe, ile well remember you.

Di

Dian. My Temple ſtands in
Hie thee thether, and doe vpo
my maiden prieſts are met tog
how thou at ſea didſt loſe thy
daughters call and giue them
my bidding, or thou liueſt in
bow, awake and tell thy drea

Per. Celeſtiall *Dian* Godd
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.